

## Children's Department.

### UNCLE LOU WRITES TO THE CHILDREN.

DEAR LITTLE NIECES AND NEPHEWS:—When I was reading the Editor's letter to you in the last EVANGELIST, I began to wonder whether the little folks had not all grown big, since there were no letters from you. How well I can remember, yet, when I used to write and then watch every mail for the EVANGELIST, and how proud I used to feel when I would see my letter in print. Don't think, children, that the big folks don't read your letters, because they do. They are interested in how you are getting along, because after a while you will be the men and women to rule our country and build up our church. The judges, and the governors, and the senators, and the presidents, and the teachers, and the preachers, that are soon to govern this world are now little folks like you,—perhaps *you*, who knows?

Did you ever hear that story of Abraham Lincoln, when he was a little boy? You know he was the greatest of all our presidents, except perhaps Washington. One day when he was romping about in the dirt, an old negro woman said to him, "Law-zee. Abe, what d'ye 'spects will ever become of ye?"

"Dunno, but 'speck I'll be president of the United States, some day," said little Abe.

Some of you may, but you know, children, you cannot all be presidents. But you can be something that is greater than being president. You can be good men and good women, and that is being greater than anything else on this earth. And the best way to be good children, is to try and be like Jesus.

You know what the Editor said about faces? Well, I think Jesus had the brightest face that ever looked upon little children here on earth. Don't you. Yet, children, his face was not any brighter than yours when he was a little boy. But Jesus never frowned, he never scolded, he never quarrelled, he never told stories that made him look ashamed, when he was a little boy, nor as he grew to be a man. That is the reason his face was as beautiful when he became a man, as it was when he was a child.

You know if you take a stick and keep it bent a long while, after a time it will stay that way. Well, children, if you pout and cry a great deal, after a while your face will stay that way, whether you are really pouting or not. And you know people don't like a pouting face. But if you smile instead of pout and whine, after a while you will look as if you were smiling all the time. And you know peo-

ple love a smiling face. And when people look at you and form an opinion of you, they don't look down at your shoes, or at your clothes, or at your hat. No, they look at your face, first. I wonder,—*I wonder* who has the prettiest face among you.

"Beautiful faces are those that wear—  
It matters little if dark or fair—  
Whole-souled honesty printed there."

The face you have now is the one God gave you. The one you will have after a while is the one you are now making for yourself. I wonder how many are going to begin *now*, to make a beautiful face to wear when you get to be a man or a woman. How many, children?

Well, I think I have written about enough for this time. And it may be that I will write to you again after while. But you must write first. How many would like for me to write and tell you all about the beautiful grave of President Lincoln? I go to visit it once in a while. Because you are the children of my brothers and sisters, you know I can rightly say, dear nieces and nephews, Good-bye. Come, children, write often and don't let the Editor have any more room on your page. Very sincerely yours, UNCLE LOU.

### NELLIE'S GIANTS.

Do you believe about any real giants?" asked Nellie, looking up from the Bible story she was reading. Mamma always has to answer a great many questions that are not in the book when Nellie learns a Sunday-school lesson.

"That is the only kind that I ever did believe in!" said mamma, wondering what names she had better give to Nellie's "children of Anak."

"Well, I should think they would have been afraid, then!" said Nellie. "I should think the Lord would have 'spected them to be afraid!"

For answer mamma took down a book called the Pilgrim's Progress and began to read about Christiana and Mercy and the four boys who in their pilgrimage had just come up with one who was of the race of the giants. This giant's name was Grim, and the children were afraid of him and of his lions.

"I'd have run away!" said Nellie.

"Ah, but," said mamma, "you see they were not alone. They had a brave guide who had come along with them on purpose to take care of them."

"I know!" said Nellie; "Mr. Great-heart!"

"Yes," said mamma, reading. "'Now Mr. Greatheart was a strong man, so he was not afraid of a lion.' And he told the giant: 'These women and children, though

weak, shall hold on their way in spite of thy lions,' and with that he struck at the giant so hard that he killed him, and then he said to the pilgrims: 'Come now and follow me and no hurt shall happen to you from the lions.'"

"And so they had all their trembling and fright for nothing!" said Nellie.

"As most people do when they are afraid of giants, instead of trusting their guide," said mamma, taking up the baby, who just then puckered up his little lip as if he had had a bad dream down in the cradle.

"Who is the Guide?" asked Nellie softly. She knew well enough, but she liked to have mamma "say it all out," as she said sometimes.

"The Lord is with us: fear them not," said mamma, answering with the Golden Text.

"That's the way baby thinks, cuddled up in your arms," said Nellie, looking over at the little fellow, who was forgetting all his troubles in that safe refuge. "But you haven't told me what you think my giants are, mammy, dear!"

"Try it yourself!" laughed mamma. "Here's a piece of paper. Suppose you write their names down and show them to me."

Nellie took the piece of paper and went off in the corner for half an hour or more, and mamma knew by the way she bit her pencil and scowled her forehead that there was some pretty hard thinking going on.

At last she came back, and this was what she put under her mamma's eyes without speaking, for fear of waking the baby.

### MY GIANTS.

Giant Crossness (apt to come around rainy days.)

Giant Lazy-finger (always on hand when anybody asks me to do any errands.)

Giant Put-it-off.

Giant Whiney-man (own brother to Grumble-growl.)

A RESOLUTION.—I'm going to trust my Guide and fear them not, and get into the Promised Land in spite of them!

That was a year ago and Nellie's mamma still keeps that paper in her desk, and shows it to Nellie when she thinks there is any danger of her forgetting the resolution. Writing out the names of your giants is a very good way to begin conquering them. Sometimes the very sight of their names, down in black and white, is enough to make them run away for a long time.—*Little Pilgrim*.

[This story illustrates the Sunday-school lesson for August 4. Please read the lesson in Numbers 13:17-33. It tells about the giants and the ten spies found in Canaan. We all have giants to fight, but if we go out in God's name we can always win.—ED.]